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COPY

OF A

LETTER from the Duke of *Berwick*, to the Duke of *Fitz-James*, dated from *Gaeta*, *Auguſt* 7. 1734 N. S.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE Siege of *Gaeta* is now over, bleſſed be GOD, and though a very ſhort one, I ſuffered more while it laſted, than in any Siege I had been heretofore preſent at.

You may eaſily imagine the Uneaſineſs I talk of, were, my Anxiety and Concern for the Perſon of the PRINCE OF *WALES*. The KING his Father had ſent him hither, under my Care, to witneſs the Siege; and laid his Commands on me, not only to direct him, but even to ſhew him every Thing that merited his Attention; and, I muſt confeſs, that he made me paſs ſome as uneaſy Moments as ever I met with from the croſſeſt Accidents of my bypaſt Life. Juſt on his Arrival, I conducted him to the Trenches, where he ſhewed not the leaſt Surpriſe at the Enemies Fire, even when the Balls were hiſſing about his Ears. I was relieved, the Day following, from the Trenches; and, as the Houſe I lodged in, was very much expoſed, the Enemy diſcharged, at once, Five Piece of Cannon againſt it; which made me move my Quarters. The PRINCE, arriving a Moment after, would, at any

Rate,

Rate, go into the Houſe, tho' I did all I could to diſſwade him from it, by repreſenting to him the Danger he was expoſing himſelf to, yet he ſtaid in it a very conſiderable Time, with an undiſturbed Countenance, tho' the Walls had been pierced through with the Cannon Ball. In a Word, this PRINCE diſcovers, *That in Great Princes, whom Nature has mark'd out for Heroes, Valour does not wait the Number of Years.* I am now, bleſſed be GOD for it, rid of all my Uneaſineſs, and joyfully indulge myſelf in the Pleaſure of ſeeing the PRINCE adored by Officers and Soldiers. His Manner and Converſation are really bewitching; and you may lay your Account, that were it otherwiſe, I would not have kept it a Secret from you. We ſet out for *Naples* in a Day or two, where I am pretty certain his ROYAL HIGHNESS will charm the *Neapolitans*, as much as he has done our Troops. The King of *Naples* is much taken with his polite Behaviour; and there is not the leaſt Neceſſity of ſuggeſting to him what is either proper for him to do or ſay. I wiſh to GOD, that ſome of the greateſt Sticklers in *England* againſt the Family of the *STEWARTS*, had been Eye Witneſſes of this PRINCE's Reſolution during that Siege, and I am firmly perſwaded they would ſoon change their Way of thinking. In his very Countenance, I diſcover ſomething ſo happy, that preſages to him the greateſt Felicity. I flatter'd myſelf, that this particular Account would give you Pleaſure: And, for my perſonal Concerns, I tell you I am in perfect good Health. Time will not allow me to ſay any more. I ſhall write you more fully from *Naples*; and, in the mean Time, be perſwaded, *Dear Brother*, that my Affection toward you is beyond all Expreſſion.

BERWICK.

EXCERPTS of ſome other LETTERS from the Camp at *Gaeta*, bearing Date *Auguſt* 7. 1734.

I Can't expreſs to you, how much our whole Army is charmed with the PRINCE OF *WALES*. Never was any Prince endowed with ſo much Vivacity, nor appeared more chearful, in all the Attacks. If he had been Maſter of his own Inclinations, he never would have quit the Trenches; and was overheard ſay, *That the Noiſe of the Cannon was more pleaſant Muſick to him, than that of the Opera's at* Rome. The whole Employment of his Grace the Duke of *Berwick* (under whoſe Direction he was) was to hinder him from expoſing himſelf too raſhly; and, I aſſure you, it was not an eaſy Task.

THE PRINCE having gone towards a Place, where a Detachment from the whole Army were making *Gabions* and *Faſcines*, *&c.* and mixing with the Soldiers, they were ſtruck with Wonder and Aſtoniſhment, when they heard this young PRINCE ſpeaking to each of them, in their Turn, their own Language; *to the Walloons, he ſpoke French; Spaniſh to the Spaniards; and Italian to the Italians*, being *perfect Maſter of theſe three Languages*. The whole Soldiers flock'd about him, and diſputed amongſt themſelves, who ſhould have the Honour of ſpeaking a Word to him. It was really a delightful Spectacle to behold this young PRINCE amidſt a Crowd of Soldiers, ſporting and talking familiarly with them, being not one Whit more puzzled how to entertain them, than an Officer, who had ſpent moſt of his Time in Armies, would have been. You may eaſily conclude, that a young PRINCE ſo affable, and of ſo charming a Behaviour, can't fail of being adored both by Officers and Soldiers.

THE

THE Day after his Arrival, he dined with the *King of Naples*, who asked him, If he was not much fatigued with his Journey? *I feel now no more Fatigue* (reply'd the PRINCE) *ſince I have the Pleaſure of ſeeing your Majeſty and your Army.*

Two Days ago, the Cockade he wore in his Hat dropped from it, in the *King's* Preſence. The *Count of St. Eſtevan* took it up, and would have fitted it on again; but as he went about it very aukwardly, the *King* ſaid, he would do it himſelf, which he did accordingly. The PRINCE, in receiving his Hat from the *King*, ſaid to him, in a moſt graceful Manner, " *Sir, ſince your Majeſty* " *does me the Honour to adjuſt this Cockade, I'll endeavour* " *to preſerve it as long as I live.* *In fine*, I would never have done, if I were to give you an exact Account of every Thing that's ſaid and done by this amiable PRINCE, whom we all adore.

From the Camp at Gaeta, Auguſt 6. 1734.

THE PRINCE exceeds every Thing I was capable of fancying about him, and meets here with as many Admirers as he hath Spectators. When talking to this and the other Perſon, about their reſpective Employments, one would imagine, that he had made the Inclinations of thoſe he converſes with his particular Study. The *King of Naples* was ſtruck with Wonder, to find in the Dawn of Years, ſuch ripe Thoughts, and ſo much Prudence, which are rarely to be met with, even in Princes arrived at full Maturity of Age. All that have ſeen him, affirm, *That he is born to a happy Fate, and to make others ſo too.* For us, we only repine at the ſhort Stay he is like to make among us; and all of us ſincerely wiſh, that he would not leave us before the Campaign is over; for beſides, that every Day would gain him new Conqueſts of Hearts, he would, by that Time, be Maſter of our Art.

I am, &c.